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Northern Messenger

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

W Bronsom

—'Congregationalist.'

The Disappointed Vines.

(Mrs. M. B. Randolph, in the M. C. 'Advocate.')

One cold morning in spring two young tendrils of a woodbine hung shivering in the rain. A rough wind had almost stripped them of their delicate clothing, and they looked almost disconsolate and forlorn.

After a while one of them gave the other a light tap, and began to whisper on this wise:

'Summer after summer our ancestors have beautified this old ramshackle house. But for them it long ago would have been a scar upon the landscape. As it is, it has become a really picturesque object. It seems as if the owner might have built at least a shed to protect them, the same as he did for those sticks of wood yonder, which are of no use but to burn. We are too independent, however, to bear such neglect. Let us seek our own shelter. You make for the attic and I will take to the celler. There we shall escape these distracting winds and rains and the prostrating heat of later suns.'

This they did. One climbed day by day till it reached the eaves, and, entering a wide crevice, began trailing on the garret floor. The other crept along the ground until, having found a convenient hole in the foundation, it crawled in and descended to the cellar's mouldy bottom.

Weeks passed. Both grew pale and sickly, yet after the instinct of their kind, each tried to drape the unsightly objects around them with a wan beauty. In vain. Their strength was not equal to even this poor effort, and they grew into long, straggling, leafless stretches of stem.

At last October came around with his paint-pot. Sometimes they could hear the shouts of children over the rich tints of the vines outside. Sometimes the low voices of artists woh loved to linger about the spot would reach them, and they began to feel that, after all, they might better have faced the elements than miss the transformation their kindred were undergoing.

Moved at last by a desperate desire for light and air and autumn beauty, each made a feeble turn, one reaching again toward the eaves and one toward the crumbling wall.

In time they reached the outer world, and, with united voices, begged October to give them a touch of red and gold.

'My children,' said he, 'you know not what you ask. My pot is seething with the flames of the frost. At one stroke of my brush your weakened forms would fall withered to the ground. The coloring you covet comes only through the touch of fire. This you cannot bear. The loveliness about you is born of pain. I cannot explain the mystery, but the splendor developed depends on a certain vitality within. You are too near dead for this glory. By too tenderly shielding your lives and refusing to face the winds and the storms you have forfeited the strength which alone could have fitted you for the beauty you desire. Were you to live again I would say, strive not to miss but to meet the trials of your lot. In this way life would be conserved and autumn glory its reward.'

How to Live Through Things.

Let us fix our eyes on the end of the journey. Travellers to Rome will go through a great many places that are not Rome. Even so travellers going to heaven will go through many places that are not heaven. Foolish as it would be for a man to express himself as disappointed in Rome because he did not find a Forum in Florence, even so foolish is it for Christians to express doubt or dismay about God's dealings because they do not find it all heaven in their earthly estate. See what there is of good and blessing where you are, but remember what there is ahead. So Joseph Mazzini wrote in one of his essays: 'Pain and joy, deception and fulfilled hopes, are just the raiff and the sunshine that must meet the traveller on his way. Button up your coat around you from the first, but do not think for a single moment that one or the other has anything to do with the end of the journey.' It is God's wise dealing which gives us the experience of many things before it brings us to the crown of all things.—'American Sunday School Times.'

Principles.

It is not strength of brain that saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed, or connection with a church. All these have often proved to be but ropes of sand. They are not proof against the tides of temptation. There must be firm, heaven-implanted principle—for no one is safe in business or in politics or in social life or anywhere when conscience is unloosened from God. The parting of the cable may be unseen for a while, it may even be unsuspected; but it is a mere question of time how soon the backslider may strike the rocks. Jesus Christ never insures anyone who unites with His Church, and yet has no 'anchor sure and steadfast which entereth within the vail,' and 'binds fast to Christ Himself.' And if you ever reach heaven, my brother, you will come in as I have often seen vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tide anchor swinging proudly at the prow. 'There are ships,' said the eloquent Melvill, 'that never go down in life's tempests. They shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky, and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows.' These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit; these are faithful ones whose inner soul was anchored to Jesus Christ.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

As Quick as a Telephone.

One night a well-known citizen, who had been walking for some time in the downward path, came out of his home and started downtown for a night of carousal with some old companions he had promised to meet. His young wife had besought him with imploring eyes to spend the evening with her, and had reminded him of the past when evenings passed in her company were all too short. His little daughter had clung about his knees and coaxed in her pretty, wilful way for papa to tell her some bedtime stories, but habit was stronger than love for wife and child, and he eluded their tender questioning and went his way.

But when he was blocks distant from his home he found that in changing his coat he had forgotten to remove his wallet, and he could not go out on a drinking bout without money, even though he knew that his family needed it, and his wife was economizing every day more and more in order to make up his deficits; and he hurried back and crept softly past the windows of the little home in order that he might steal in and obtain it without running the gaurtlet of questions and caresses.

But something stayed his feet; there was a fire in the grate within—for the night was chill—and it lit up the little parlor and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the walls. But these were nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, in the soft gloom of the firelight knelt his little child at her mother's feet, her small hands clasped in prayers, her fair head bowed, and as her rosy lips whispered each word with childish distinctness, the father listened spellbound:

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

Sweet petition! The man himself, who stood there with bearded lips shut tightly together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not finished; he heard her say:

'God bless mamma, papa, and my own self. God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober. Amen.'

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened so suddenly, but they were not afraid when they saw who it was returned so soon; but that night, when little Mamie was being tucked up in bed, after such a romp with papa, she said, in the sleepiest and most contented of voices:

'Mamma, God answers almost as quickly as the telephone, doesn't He?'—Selected.

Work in Labrador.

THE ORPHANAGE AND THE REINDEER AT ST. ANTHONY.

The Orphanage on the hill, with a fine view of the harbor, enlisted our interest at once, writes Miss E. White, of Boston, on her first visit to St. Anthony. Here are fifteen children who have been either taken from homes of poverty and starvation or have been left without parents and support. No child is received under four years of age. Miss Storr, the matron, has such a well-ordered family that all seem to enjoy the daily duties and home life there. One little girl expressed her preference for her present abode at the orphanage, as she says she 'does not have to stay in bed so much,' showing the use for some of the clothes which have been sent.

Each child bears his or her part of the work in the home. One sees them bringing wood and water, and helping in many other ways. One of the older girls has become expert in waiting at table and all will have received much good training. These children also attend the little school taught by Miss Ruth E. Keese, of Massachusetts, who is proving such a valuable helper. She has the love of every man, woman and child in the harbor. She crosses the harbor all winter on the ice to teach in the little school there. One mother spoke to me of her as 'a very ray of sunshine.'

These orphan children have need of strong boots and shoes, especially the girls of 5, 6, 8, 10, 12 years; laced boots with many extra pairs of lacings.

A visit to the industrial rooms found five young women busy at the looms in the upper room, some weaving homespun for orders, others rugs. One or two were also learning to dye the wool, etc. We saw some baskets which a patient, a blind boy, had learned to make. One young boy was moulding pottery from native clay, and designing on one of these pieces reindeer, on another seals, and on a third fish, and all were well modeled.

Owing to unusual delay of the steamer in getting the necessary brick from St. John's to complete the kiln, Miss Luther, the teacher, was much handicapped and the kiln not yet in use. We saw one boy, however, making brick from native clay, and it is hoped a sufficient quantity of these can be made for use at St. Anthony soon. The ground about the various buildings is being cleared of roots and scrub trees and drains are being dug. The college boys gave much help in this work.

Our visit to St. Anthony would have been incomplete without a day at the reindeer camp. This was accomplished on the very best day of the summer—when the sky was clear and enough breeze to allow the little boat which had arrived the week previous from Boston, the 'Pomiuk,' to spread her sails and take us five miles distant to Goose Cove, where we found Mr. Lindsay, who piloted us over the moss-covered cliffs until we came within range of the long line of deer travelling windward. As we drew near their present feeding-ground we found the deer were on the cliffs directly overhanging the sea and getting the strongest of the breeze. All the reindeer were in splendid condition. They had come very well through a winter which had been peculiarly hard for them, and they were as pretty a sight as any one could wish to see. The moss is very plentiful so there is no trouble in keeping the herd together. One hundred and sixty fawns have been added to the original number. These fawns are about as large as a calf and their coats of greyish brown very soft and fine. It was interesting to watch a fawn call to its mother from a hill near by. The mother seemed to recognize the call of her own and came running to meet the little one. It is a queer thing that this fawning time is the only time in the year when the deer are known to make any kind of a noise, and the call of the fawn is more like the grunt of a pig. The horns are as large now as they will be at all though they are still covered with the soft mouse-colored velvet. The deer are much more delicate and graceful than the regular Santa Claus reindeer. The herder hopes to have all the bucks broken for driving this coming winter. Dr. Grenfell expects to have a great deal of work from them. They proved decidedly last winter that the deer were capable of being trained to work and strong enough to do it, but, of course, there was trouble in driving deer when they were not thoroughly broken in. They are also going to try to drive them in a komatik rather than in the canoe-like 'pulka' that the Lapps have used before. The gain is twenty percent better for these deer than the last report of the Alaska project, and this surely is most encouraging. It was expected that the milking would begin the following week.

A word of appreciation should be given of the splendid work done by Mr. Lindsay for the Mission. His is no easy task. He has not only the tent life in all weather in winter and summer, but he has the full responsibility of the success of the reindeer training, and only those who have visited the camp can realize what the life is.

About Winter Renewals.

As the bulk of our subscriptions expire at the end of December, each subscriber receives this week, in his paper, an 'Annual Renewal Notice' and subscription blank. If your renewal for next year has been already sent, just hand the blank over to some friend for his convenience in sending his NEW subscription.

But if your subscription expires at any time during the winter months this blank is meant FOR YOU.

We would respectfully urge you to RENEW, EARLY. Nothing whatever is lost by renewing a little in advance, for renewal is always made from the expiration of your present subscription; and by sending to us before the tremendous year-end rush you greatly relieve the work of our subscription department, and enable us to give your orders earlier attention—an advantage on both sides.

For our clubbing offers see another page.

Premium offers, open to old subscribers sending new subscriptions, appear from time to time in this paper. Watch for them, or send direct to us for full particulars.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1908.

Solomon Dedicates the Temple

I. Kings viii., 1-11. Memory verses 10, 11. Read I. Kings v., 8.

Golden Text.

I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. Psa. cxxii., 1.

Home Readings.

Monday, December 7.—I. Ki. v., 1-18.
Tuesday, December 8.—I. Ki. vi., 1-20.
Wednesday, December 9.—I. Ki. vi., 21-38.
Thursday, December 10.—I. Ki. vii., 1-14, 52.
Friday, December 11.—I. Ki. viii., 1-21.
Saturday, December 12.—I. Ki. viii., 22-43.
Sunday, December 13.—I. Ki. viii., 44-64.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

How many of you like coming to Sunday School? Oh, that's good, so we can all say the golden text over together and mean it, 'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord?' What makes you like to come to Sunday School? Perhaps some of you can hardly tell, but I'm sure that for one thing you like the singing of the hymns, don't you? Did you know that our golden text is part of an old hymn that people used to sing long, long ago, much longer ago than any of the hymns we sing? In our Bibles it is called a 'song of degrees.' That means that it was sung by the people as they went up the way to the temple of God in Jerusalem. This song of degrees or hymn was written by David about whom we have been studying. In our lesson to-day we are to study about the beautiful temple that was built by David's son, Solomon, who was a very rich king. This temple was nothing like our churches to-day; there were no seats or pews in it for the people to go and sit in; they didn't have any sermons; in fact, nobody actually went into the temple itself except the priests, for the people all had to stay outside in the outer courts. Let us see something of what the temple was like. (The teacher can easily draw a rough plan showing the oblong shape of the temple building with the perfect square of the Holy of Holies at one end, and the two courts surrounding the building, the inner court into which the Israelite might go, and outside that, the court of the Gentiles, beyond which no Gentile could penetrate, but don't spend too long a time on this.)

FOR THE SENIORS.

A good portion of the recorded history of Solomon's reign is taken up with the account of his building operations. He lived in the days when they built to last, and to this day there remain in Palestine some portions of the work done in Solomon's reign. More particularly of interest in connection with to-day's lesson is the fact that some of the temple masonry still exists. Not, of course, any portion of the temple itself; that was utterly destroyed as was its successor, but in order to extend the space for the temple building on the top of Mount Moriah where he desired to have it placed, it was necessary to build up massive masonry where the rock sloped too quickly away. Some of this still remains, and the Jews who to-day in Jerusalem, visit the Wailing Place to mourn for their nation's heart-glory and pray for its return, kiss these stones with loving reverence. The temple as described in Kings, will seem to some minds a vast piece of extravagance, its cost being computed at about $100,000,000. The question may come up as to whether God wishes such vast sums spent upon mere buildings. The record of Solomon's other buildings and the account of the vast wealth of his reign (I. Kings x., 14-29) show that the temple was by no means an exceptional building considering his other expenditures. We may at all times give God's house at least the beauty and honor that we give our own. The question of giving is seldom between God and our duty to others, but between God and our selfish desires, and we have the Biblical assurance that the consecration of this beautiful temple was accepted and acknowledged by God (verses 10, 11). Solomon's prayer at the dedication will bear a good deal of study for its beauty and thought. It is evident that he had a real understanding of God's nature (I. Kings viii., 27), and although the prayer may be offered in the earthly house, the petition always runs 'then hear thou in heaven.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

And what those people in that old time tried to do in their way, you and I and all of us should try to do in ours. We are not merely to build houses of worship for God. We are to build factories, and warehouses, and produce exchanges, and railways, and shops, and banks, for God. Or rather, we are to see and feel that these and the activities they represent, our industrial works and employment in connection with them, our social and professional engagements, our buying and selling of goods, our practising of medicine, our arguing of cases in court, our going out to parties and evening receptions, our meeting together in club-houses—to see and to feel that the whole of our complex and growing civilization, our diversified social life with all its varied equipment, is not 'our' temple merely—to contribute to our comfort and to minister to our pride—but something very much more. We should recognize the fact that our manifold civilization is chiefly the temple of God—that the purpose of God is in it, pervades it. Certainly we can not be wrong in thinking that it is God's purpose to make this world His dwelling place, and that it is His joy and should also be our task to help to make it such. That, it seems to me, is what you and I are here for.—David H. Greer, From Things to God.

Said a great king once, 'Where I sleep, there is the palace.' Each one of us may say, Where I am, there is God's temple. 'See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount' were the words ringing in the ears of Moses as he came down Mount Sinai to become the architect of God's dwelling place, the tent of worship. We have had a pattern given us; if we model our lives upon Christ's life, God will dwell in us.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast.—O. W. Holmes.

There is one temple whereof I am custodian and votaress; of its services, devotions, worship, I alone shall have to render an account. —Christina Rossetti.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

We will better understand the power of the temple in the religious development of the Israelites, if we in imagination go through the temple and notice the progression of its teaching.

The temple and all connected with it had a religious teaching for the people, most of whom could not read, but could understand symbols and visible expressions of great truths. St. Mark's at Venice was built and decorated on the same principle. The stories of the Old and New Testaments are expressed in carvings and paintings; and the order of these teaches the religious progress of the soul. The temple taught the presence of God, and made it real. The arrangement of courts and rooms expressed the progress of the religious life, from the outer world into the court of general worship, then into the more sacred court, the Holy Place, the Holy of Holies.

1. We enter into the court of the Gentiles through one of the gates which lead into it from the outer world. Men of every kind, from every race, could enter, and come within the influence of the true religion.

2. Entering the inner court is coming into the church and under its influences. It means a decision to begin the new Christian life.

3. We first come to the great altar of burnt offerings, made of brass, thirty feet square and fifteen feet high. It symbolized sacrifice for sin, some atoning power, expressing our need of forgiveness and God's willingness to forgive. It also expresses consecration to God, giving ourselves to Him and to his service.

4. Next we come to the great brazen sea fifteen feet in diameter and seven and one-half feet high, placed on twelve brass oxen. This with ten lavers were for cleansing, symbolizing the 'washing of regeneration,' the cleansing of heart and life from sin, as does Christian Baptism.

5. Thus cleansed and forgiven we enter the Holy Place, expressing the holy and useful life of the people of God. Here we find the golden candlestick, signifying the light from heaven by which the Christian walks; the table of shewbread symbolizing the bread of life, and the altar of incense symbolizing the life of prayer.

6. We look through the hangings into the Holy of Holies, the presence of God himself, the perfected life of heaven, toward which every true child of God is moving all his life, his ideal, his hope, his joy, his eternal home.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 13.—Topic—Books that delight and strengthen. Prov. iv., 1-9.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Monday, December 7.—Christ's prayer for His enemies. Luke xxiii., 34.

Tuesday, December 8.—His words to the thief. Luke xxiii., 39-43.

Wednesday, December 9.—His words to His mother. John xix., 26, 27.

Thursday, December 10.—His cry to God. Mark xv., 34.

Friday, December 11.—His cry of suffering. John xix., 28-30.

Saturday, December 12.—His last words. Luke xxiii., 46.

Sunday, December 13.—Topic—Christ on the cross. Matt. xxvii., 33-38.

Religious News.

The Press of the European Turkey Mission, stationed at Samokov, Bulgaria, under the superintendence of the Rev. Robert Thomson, is almost the only source of religious and other standard literature for the six million Bulgarians, and its output should be largely increased, in order to offset in more adequate measure the flood of translations of trashy French and Russian novels and skeptical and infidel books in the country. Some wise-hearted man or woman may render an inestimable service to the Bulgarian nation by helping to extend the usefulness of this Press.

The Government recently introduced English as an optional study in the national schools, yet there is no English-Bulgarian and Bulgarian-English dictionary, the one published 47 years since having long been exhausted. New missionaries are studying Bulgarian, and Bulgarians are studying English, by all sorts of make-shifts.

These needs of the field make their own appeal. Five thousand dollars are needed to do the present work effectively.

The revolution in Turkey had an effect in Jerusalem, when the unexpected and amazing news of the change in affairs reached that city, reports of which read like the fulfilment of the prophecies of the latter chapters of Isaiah. The Mohammedans held a thanksgiving service with a sermon in a mosque within the Temple area. Armenian Christian monks entertained Mohammedans at a garden party on Mt. Zion, serving them with lemonade, coffee and cigarettes. Jews were entertained at the Orthodox Greek Christian Convent by the Patriarch of the Greek Church, were sprinkled with rose water and fed with sweets. Many of them expressed their joy by processions, with speeches thanking the Sultan for liberty. There was a procession of Protestants headed by the Turkish military band, an address was delivered by the native Lutheran minister of Bethlehem, after which the whole company were received by the acting governor, when a speech was made by a native minister of the Church Missionary Society. Religious bodies which had antagonized one another for hundreds of years exchanged friendly greetings. Jews shook hands with Greeks, Moslems embraced Armenians, Catholics and Protestants of various sects walked side by side under the Turkish flag. A newspaper, printed in Hebrew and Arabic, began to be published August 17.—'Congregationalist.'

Temperance

The Cider Spider.

(By T. R. Thompson.)

Beware of a little spider,
Whose web for the young is spun;
He is known by the name of Cider,
And with care his work is done.
He tempts with apple juices,
And of course appears so sweet,
You scarce suspect the uses
Of a liquid so complete.
This juice the apple spider,
Will politely introduce
To a web that is spread much wider,
For a more disastrous use.
He will beg to make you acquainted
With the spiders Wine and Beer,
'Till with breath and morals tainted
You enter a gateway near.
'Tis known as 'moderate drinking,'
And its courses downward tend,
As proved by the thousands sinking
Down to a drunkard's end.

So, boys, beware of the spider,
And, girls, don't touch it at all;
For danger is hidden in cider,
Don't drink it, unless you would fall.
—Selected.

Trade Unions and Drink.

Should Societies Meet in Public-Houses?

Should trade unions meet in public-houses? (asks the 'Manchester Evening News.' That is a question which is now being seriously considered by many of the principal labor organizations of the country, for a strenuous effort is being made under cover to transfer club and meeting rooms to premises where no intoxicating liquor is sold. At a Manchester gathering of the United Kingdom Society of Coachbuilders, at which there were delegates representing 10,000 trade unionists, Mr. H. J. Naylor, of Liverpool, moved that it be an instruction to all branches to as far as possible hold their meetings in places not licensed for the sale of drink. This was seconded by Mr. J. Compton, of Glasgow, and unanimously adopted. The decision, if adopted generally by other unions, will bring about a remarkable transformation in the locale of trade societies, and will be a serious blow to the liquor interest. The unanimity with which the resolution was carried will appear the more striking when it is known that there was only one teetotaler in the assembly.

Some of the delegates who voted for the reform gave their views on the subject to a correspondent. A local representative of the society said it was a consummation devoutly to be wished. Personally he was not a total abstainer, and he would be the last to deprive anyone of reasonable opportunities for refreshment; but they had to remember that trade union meetings were business gatherings purely, and required the full attention of the members. A glaring disadvantage of union business meetings being held in hotels was this. If a man were out of work and he called at the clubhouse for his out-of-work pay, he would probably have to wait a few minutes, and in that time he would perhaps meet half a dozen old workmates who were equally unfortunate. It was natural that in the circumstances one who could afford it should ask another to have a drink, and the latter would feel it obligatory on him to return the compliment as soon as he drew his out-of-work pay. This treat system sometimes led to two or three rounds; and common sense told them that a man living on his out-of-work pay could not legitimately spare any money for drink. The presence of the liquor frequently caused men to drink when they did not want it; whereas if club-houses were places apart from the liquor atmosphere, the probabilities were that a man would take home his money intact instead of breaking into it, as many now did. Perhaps the decision would be unpopular with a certain proportion of members, but the great majority, he felt convinced, would appreciate the motives which actuated it.

Secretaries of other trade unions have been asked their views on the subject, and almost without exception they applaud the action of the Coachmakers' Society. There can be little doubt that efforts will be made to generalize the system throughout the trade union movement; indeed, in some organizations steps have already been taken in that direction. 'Of course,' one gentleman said, 'public-houses are convenient places for men to call at to sign the out-of-work book, but I'm afraid it often causes a man to have a drink because he can't for shame go in without spending something. The consequence is that he spends what he cannot afford.'—'Temperance Reformer.'

The Cigarette Habit.

An Eminent American Authority on the New Peril—Save the Boys!

In the New York 'Independent' appears an article on the cigarette by Mr. Charles Bulkley Hubbell, lately President of the Board of Education of Greater New York, and chairman of the Board of Trustees of the City of New York. It is of considerable length, and we extract only the following paragraphs:

'The writer of this article has no grievance against the rational, reasonable and normal use of tobacco by those who have reached an age when the period of physical growth and development has been passed, and who can honestly provide the means of indulging in a habit that, while not to be indiscriminately commended, is in the opinion of most physicians comparatively harmless under such conditions.

'The writer, in using the terms "rational and normal" means that the one indulging in this habit shall never inhale the smoke. Much misapprehension exists in the public mind on the subject of the cigarette. We hear it stated not infrequently that the cigarette is deadly, because it contains opium, or because the paper wrapper is very injurious. I am persuaded that the reasons assigned are quite incorrect. The manufacturer could not afford to put opium in this product at the price he receives for his goods. None of the cheaper grades of cigarettes contain opium or any of its products. The cigarette is deadly because it breeds the inhaling habit, which is the foundation of all the evils that accompany indulgence in this vice. The juvenile cigarette smoker almost immediately learns to inhale the smoke. Not one cigarette smoker in twenty, I venture to assert, uses them in any other way, and when once the victim has acquired the inhaling habit in connection with cigarettes, he can seldom secure any satisfaction with pipe or cigar without indulging his inhaling propensities. The normal smoker draws the smoke into his mouth and expels it, with the result that the minimum of the products of combustion—namely, nicotine, the volatile oils, and the deadly carbon monoxide (CO) get into his circulation. I honestly believe that very few healthy adults are injured by a reasonable use of tobacco in the way described. The cigarette smoker, however, takes a deep inhalation of the smoke, which at once reaches the upper air passages of the lungs, where almost immediately are released into his circulation the products I have referred to, usually causing the slight dizziness and the mild intoxication that is so fascinating and so devastating.

'The London "Lancet," one of the most reliable medical journals published in the English language, has recently stated that the most deleterious product in the combustion of tobacco is carbon monoxide, which is the deadly constituent of water gas, and is present in comparatively large quantities in tobacco smoke. This is the poison that is responsible for the utter demoralization of that unhappy individual who has come to be known as the cigarette fiend, whose pale face, shattered nerves and hopeless position in the community is recognized as applying to many of our American youth, whose opportunity for usefulness and happiness has passed away.

'Experiments have demonstrated that this poisonous gas is taken up by the blood when tobacco smoke is inhaled.

'A few years ago it was the privilege of the writer of this article to render some service in connection with the administration of the public school system of this city. During the period covered by that service several of the principals in the public schools complained of a condition that it was difficult for them to understand. Boys of ten, twelve and fourteen years of age, naturally bright, were observed to be losing the power of concentration and application of the mind. Nervousness, listlessness and a tendency to truancy were associated with the names of nearly every one of them. It was found that nearly all the incorrigible truants were cigarette fiends; that is to say, they were almost hopelessly addicted to the inhaling habit. Their nerves were shattered, and the value of public school instruction was greatly lessened in their cases. Further investigation disclosed the fact that very many of these boys stole money from their parents or sold all sorts of articles that they could lay their hands on, in order that they could gratify an appetite that bred on its own indulgence.

'Parents should inform their boys of the danger attending the indulgence in this habit before they are likely to contract it, forbid it, and should, in my opinion, visit condign punishment on those who offend against this parental law.

'The city of Chicago, I have been informed, has an organization of business men numbering several thousands, pledged not to give employment to any boy or man who smokes cigarettes, or who has the inhaling habit. There should be such an organization in every city and town in the United States in order that our boys may have the chance at success that God Almighty intended they should have.'

Temperance Alphabet.

A is the Ale that will soften the brain,
B is the Bottle—be warned and abstain;
C is the Culprit, to jail he may go,
D is the Drink that has brought him so low,
E is the Earnings—how spent you may guess,
F is the Family, deep in distress;
G is the Gout that will tease him some day,
H is the House that has gone to decay;
I is the Injury done to each friend,
J is the Jail where the drunkard may end;
K is the Kick that he gave to his wife,
L is the Love that he promised for life;
M is the Money she wanted for bread,
N is the Nose which is awfully red;
O is the Outcast, where others have homes,
P is the Pauper who penniless roams;
Q is the Quarrel engendered by drink,
R is the Rum in which he must sink,
S is the Shame that must follow the sin,
T is the Tippler—the way to begin;
U is the Uproar, so dreadful to hear,
V is the Vice that we all have to fear;
W is the Wealth that soon flies away,
X is the Xpensive if drunk every day;
Y is the Youth—ere he drink let him pause;
Z is the Zeal in the temperance cause.
—'The Irish Templar.'

Alcohol and Heat.

The dilated blood-vessels, which suggest to drinkers that alcohol is a warming substance, in reality causes a reduction of temperature by permitting a rapid cooling of the blood when the surface is exposed to the cold.—Professor T. R. Fraser.

America Free and Sober.

The liquor traffic in America suppressed. What then? There might be less revelry, but there would be more joy and pleasure. There would be fewer workhouses and more workshops, healthier workmen, wealthier wives and happier children. No longer would the little folks, as they often do now, shrink from a tipsy father or a drunken mother. There would be fewer prisons and more schools and libraries. There might be fewer saloons ablaze with gas and electricity, but there would be more private houses made bright by sweet affection and glorified by love. The victory of Temperance will not solve all our problems, but it will help us to solve them all. We shall at least face them with clear brains. The nineteenth century has witnessed the rise of the Temperance movement; the twentieth century will see its triumphant progress.
—Selected.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Of the five new members this week each comes from a different province. Their names are:—Olive F. Brown, N., N.S.; Muriel MacQueen, S., N.B.; R. Iva Healy, R., Que.; Matthew Duxbury, M., Ont., and Annie Engberg, C., Alta.

There is another question this week about where to get the badges. So many have asked about this and wondered if we couldn't supply pledge cards for the members, that all these questions have set us to wondering whether it couldn't be managed. So we have been thinking up a plan and next week we hope to tell you all about it. Some of the members think it would be nice to have a little enamelled pin as the badge instead of the ribbon bow that gets dirty, and are willing to pay for it, but, of course, the R. L. of K. is your league, and it is just for you to say. There is one thing, though, that you must always remember: no one 'has' to wear the badge to be a member of the R. L. of K. Anyone may join and be welcome who just signs the pledge as it stands, and sends in a copy of the pledge with the signature as a token of good faith. Why we want you to really sign your name to the pledge instead of just saying you want to join, is because the first way you are much more likely to remember what the pledge means. We are glad to hear that there is a whole Sunday School in British Columbia wanting to join, but perhaps they would like to wait and read about our plan next week.

S.R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and am in the Eighth Grade. I have not missed any day this term. I, with several of my schoolmates, went out with our pumpkin lanterns, on Hallowe'en, cutting up tricks. We had a grand time. I send you herewith a picture of my lantern. Is it not an odd one? I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over two years, and think it is a nice little paper.

W. H. L.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am writing you a few lines to tell you how delighted we are with the 'Northern Messenger.' R. is my birth place, and is a very pretty town. There are five churches. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School and receive the 'Messenger.' I am going to try for my second next summer.

R. O. C.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day and am in the Sr. Third Class. I just love arithmetic, grammar, and geography, but I don't like spelling or reading. We have a lovely teacher. I have a little brother 23 months old, but he is a delicate little fellow. I go to Herkimer Baptist Church. We get the 'Messenger' there. We have a big lot, it has 43 fruit trees, nearly half young, we have gooseberries, raspberries, black and red currants. The Brantford and Hamilton radial cars are right behind us. I will be glad when the snow comes. We had some snow the other day, but it did not amount to much. About half the city come up our Avenue and bob ride down the street.

LAURA PERSON (age 11).

P.R., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like to go to school. I have two brothers, and they go to school, too. We have five cows, and four are giving milk. My father built a new barn. It is sixty-one feet long and thirty feet wide, and we have a big cellar under it. This fall one of my brothers found a stone axe in the oat field. I wish I knew how long it was since they were used in Nova Scotia.

EDGAR H. CRUICKSHANK.

[The stone-axe-head you speak of, Edgar, probably belonged to some Indian, as they used such implements all over America. It was a very interesting find. Ed.]

R., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' I wrote the other one when I was eight years old; that was five years ago. I have not gone to school except three months for two years, but I hope to go this winter. I am in the Fifth Grade and take twelve subjects. We live three miles from the town of R. where we go to church, the stores, station, etc. Last spring I had four operations on my nose and throat. I have the asthma very badly, this is why I do not go to school. I am very fond of reading and have read a great many books, my favorite authors are: Elizabeth Wetherell and Louisa M. Alcott, I like the Pansy books and have read fifteen of them.

ELSIE B. HEALY.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Isn't he Cute?' Laura Person (age 11), H., Ont.
2. 'My Kitten.' Elma L., N.B., P.E.I.
3. 'Bird.' Barbara Armstrong (age 11), E., Ont.
4. 'Ship.' C. H. Smallbone, W., Man.
5. 'Blue Jay.' James Meneal Wiltshire, E., Ont.
6. 'Mary Jane.' Hildur Yohanson (age 13), K., Ont.
7. 'A Book and Table.' Pansy Galt (age 9), M., Ont.
8. 'Mrs. Quail's Family.' Florence M. Lewis C., Ont.
9. 'A Troublesome Charge.' Joseph W. (age 10), C., Ont.
10. 'A Drum.' Bessie Stewart, S.D., Ont.
11. 'A Seaside Tent.' Gudrun Habvorsen (age 12), K., Ont.
12. 'A Slipper.' Ina L. Lewis, C., Ont.
13. 'My Pumpkin Lantern.' W. H. L., S.R., N.S.
14. 'A Pear.' Lelia Lewis (age 8), C., Ont.
15. 'Out on the Great Lakes.' Alice B. Hanks (age 10), T., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Marguerite Fawns, P.S., Ont., sends a riddle that has been asked before.

Clara Goodwin, Toronto, says 'we have a Junior B. Y. P. U. and my sister is organist. I am ten years old and my sister is thirteen.' So sister is the organist and just thirteen.

Letitia Robinson gives no address on her letter, but she says her home is 'a beautiful place.' Your riddle has been asked before, Letitia.

Here is a big letter from a very little friend, Louise Johnston, P., N.Dak., who is only six. The letter goes writing all over the house and the house builds itself all up into the letter, but we were glad to see both. So mamma teaches you at home, Louise. That's very nice.

Lelia Lewis, Iva L. Lewis, and Florence M. Lewis, C., Ont., all send letters and ask riddles that have been asked before. Florence speaks of the cold weather they are having, but that's all we can expect now, isn't it, Florence?

We also received short letters from Grant S. Schriver, C.S., N.B.; Muriel MacQueen, S., N.B., and Ethel Viola Devlin, E., Ont.

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

Get five people who have not been taking the 'Messenger' to give you 10 cents each for a three months' trial subscription. Send us the names and addresses and the 50 cents, and we start the 'Messenger' at once to the new subscribers, and send you six beautiful colored pictures (9in. x 16in.) entitled 'Pansy Blossoms,' suitable for framing. One of these pictures you give to each of the new subscribers and one is for you. We send you also a handsome enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble.

Under this Club, the 'Messenger' may be ordered sent anywhere in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs) or anywhere in the British Isles, but the pictures must all go to you to distribute. Some of your friends who already take the 'Messenger' themselves would gladly join your club and send the 'Messenger' to a little friend in the 'Old Country' or elsewhere, and you could deliver the picture to them to send on or keep as they chose. The pictures are really lovely—so real, so richly colored. Everyone admires them. They would make a bright spot in Grandma's room. Even in the kitchen, if mother were hot or tired, these pansies would look fresh and cool and sweet. Or, perhaps, you have a sick friend you want to remember at Christmas? Your 'Pansy Blossoms' would look so refreshing. And if you could not manage to get the picture really framed, you could, with your nimble fingers, mount it on heavy pasteboard, so that it would last a long time. You see then that our 'Pansy Blossom Clubs' open the way for much pleasure all round. See what you can do.

Our 'Blossoms' were being gathered so fast we had to get in a new supply, so as to satisfy everyone.

Send the money carefully (by money order, registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

ANOTHER 'BASKET OF POSIES.'

The following have also sent in 'Pansy Blossom' clubs:—Gladys Hogle, Ont.; Katie McKay, Ont.; Myrtle Ticehurst, Que.; Clarence Fraser, Sask.; George Ner, Ont.; Hazel Carter, Que.; Beatrice Meadows, N.S. (aged 8); Lena Clark N.B.; Edna Fraser, Ont.; Jennie Campbell, Ont.; Evalina Hill, N.B.; Lillie Latimer, Ont.; Mrs. D. McKenzie, Alta.; Beatrice and Kathleen Lowring, N.B.; Eldora Kay, N.S.; Muriel Marshall, N.S.; Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Alta.; Harriet L. Phillips, P.E.I.; Nellie Graham, Man.; Winnie Creasor, Ont.; Maggie A. McIntyre, Ont.; Helen Tough, Ont. (aged 10); Gladys Gray, Ont.; Lila Thorne, N.B.; Martha McColm, Que.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Look Up.

Be like the Sun that pours its ray
To gladden and glorify the day.
Be like the Moon that sheds its light
To bless and beautify the night.
Be like the Stars that sparkle on,
Although the Sun and Moon be gone.
Be like the Skies that steadfast are.
Though absent Sun and Moon and Star.
—Selected.

The Bridge Keeper.

(Frank H. Sweet, in 'Forward.')

'No, we have no work for you. We're only taking on fresh young blood. I'm sorry, but you're too old,' and with a half glance toward the white hair of the applicant, the speaker swung his chair back to the desk from which he had turned at the man's entrance.

'Do you know of any place where I might find a job?' the man asked, hesitatingly.

'No,' curtly; 'our company controls about everything on both banks of the river. Still, there's a few cheap concerns on the other side where you might find a temporary job. What's your line?'

'Nothin', only to do odd jobs, sir. I've been on the sea most o' my life, an' never learned any trade except sailorin'. But I'm handy.'

'So they all say. Well, you can try over there, though, frankly, I do not think you stand much chance.'

'No,' gravely, 'there don't seem much chance anywhere. I was on the other side before I came here, an' they said I was too old. Everything seems to hinge on one company, an' they want only young men an' boys. I tried to tell 'em I'm not quite so old as my hair shows for, an' that I was ready to put myself up against as hard work as the strongest man they hired did; but no, 'twa'n't no use, they didn't want me. I've been off the sea sixty days, now, an' ain't found a chance yet. I'd like to stay on shore the balance o' my life, though,' a little wistfully, 'on account o' my granddaughter. There ain't only she an' me. But it don't seem as if I can. I guess I'll have to go back to the water.'

'I guess you will,' abstractedly. 'That seems your line.'

The old man left the office and walked slowly down to the long bridge that spanned the river. He had come across on the train, after stopping a day on the other side, for his ticket had read to this point, and he had saved the bridge coupon. Now he would have to walk back over the bridge and on to his seaport home, twenty miles across the country to the coast. He had taken only money enough to pay for the ticket, leaving the rest of their small hoard with his granddaughter, for he had confidently expected to find a job in one of these busy towns, and be able to send for her to join him. There was nothing left but to go back and remain with her a few days, and then seek a berth on some vessel.

But as he approached the centre of the bridge he suddenly paused. There was a bar across and a turngate, and he understood what that meant. Before he could pass he would have to pay toll, and he did not have a cent. Beyond the gate and leaning against it was a boy of seventeen or eighteen, with his eyes fixed eagerly on a gesticulating crowd in an open field on the opposite shore. Evidently a ball game was in progress there, and the youthful bridge tender was very much excited over it, for often his hands rose into the air, and sometimes his hat, and once his voice echoed an enthusiastic cheer which came across the water.

The old man hesitated, and then went to one of the bridge benches, very close to the gate. He had a right to come this far, and he would stay until night. Perhaps the bridge would not have a tender then, and he could pass; if it did, he would try to slip by. He had never tried to evade any obligation before, but he must cross the bridge and reach home as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, the bridge tender was becoming more and more excited, and several times he started forward, as though half inclined to forsake his post. Suddenly he noticed the old man sitting at the gate.

'Hello,' he called, eagerly, 'going to stay here long?'

'Why, yes, quite a while, I think.'

'Then you look out for my place a few minutes. I'll be awfully obliged,' and without waiting for consent or comment, the boy sped away toward the farther shore and the yelling crowd.

'Wait! Hold on a minute!' called the old man after him; but the boy did not hear. His head was down, with his arms pressed closely to his sides; he was sprinting and oblivious of everything he was leaving behind. The old man went through the gate, his face anxious and perturbed.

'Whatever's to be done, I wonder?' he muttered aloud. 'I don't know the toll, and—good land!' as he noticed water through a narrow open space in the bridge, and extending entirely across from side to side; 'if it ain't a draw. Howd' they open it? I hope no boat'll come till the boy gets back. He's crazy.'

But he did not even think of deserting the post. That would not have been the man's nature. Keenly the eyes under the shaggy brows swept about in search of the means of opening the draw in case of necessity; then a bicycle came swiftly across the bridge, and he turned to the gate.

'Good-morning; a new man, I see,' exclaimed the bicyclist, as he passed through, and the old man felt a nickel slipped into his hand. That settled one problem. The toll was five cents. Then his gaze went back in search of the key to the bridge opening.

But he was a 'handy man,' who had lived on shipboard most of his life, and was accustomed to windlasses and screws and various means of shifting heavy weights. Soon the keen eyes discovered what they were after, and none too soon, for almost at the very moment came a vigorous, 'Ahoy, draw!' from up the river. A schooner was sweeping straight down upon him, under a full head of canvas. But though he had found the means, his hands lacked the dexterity of experience, and they fumbled with hurried unfamiliarity until there came a second hail, this time sharp and impatient. Then the bridge swung open and the boat shot through.

'Thank you, keeper,' came a relieved voice from below. 'I was afraid you didn't see me, and I was on the point of tacking off to avoid smashing things. But I see you know your business.'

The old man's face grew more tranquil. There were no people in sight on the bridge now, and no boats very near. He opened and shut the draw several times, allowing it to swing a few yards either way, until he felt that he had it under control; then he went to the tiny building which was the bridge-tender's home and office, and found a broom. With this he went vigorously to work clearing away the litter that the boy's neglect had allowed to accumulate.

Two hours went by and in that time four boats had gone through, and perhaps fifty people passed over the bridge; and at the end of that time the draw and gate and benches were as clean and neat as broom and brush could make them.

There were no signs of the boy, but the old man had scarcely given him a thought. He was at work now, and at just such work as was peculiarly congenial. The anxiety for the time being was gone from his eyes, and he went about the self-sought duties with cheery little snatches of sea songs breaking occasionally from his lips. Only once did he pause suddenly, in the midst of a breezy refrain, and that was when he glanced into the tiny house and realized what a cozy home it would make for himself and his granddaughter.

The breeze was now freshening, and there were several boats coming down the river together and under full sail. He was in the very act of turning the draw when a carriage dashed upon the bridge, with another scarcely twenty yards behind, and both evidently in a great hurry. The first would reach him considerably in advance of the first boat, with ample time to open the draw, so he waited, though he could hear the sharp 'Ahoys!' of the boatmen.

It was now that his experience of winds and tides stood him in good stead. A swift glance, and he could have told to almost a second when the boats would reach the draw. He waited until the first carriage had swept across, and then, with a warning call to the other coachman, swung the draw open to the leading boat, which was less than twenty yards away. After they had passed through he shut the draw for the second carriage.

The coachman was red and angry.

'Look here, you bridge man,' he cried, 'what'd you shut us back for? We're in a big hurry, an' could 'a' got through in another minute, an' there was plenty o' time. D'ye know who I'm carryin'?'

'James! James!' came a stern voice from the carriage; 'that is enough. The man did just right. I was watching. It was as fine a bit of calculation as I ever saw.' Then, as the carriage came opposite the old man, 'Let me—but hello! where is the regular keeper?'

'Why, sir, I—think he's gone over to the ball game for just a few minutes,' hesitated the old man.

'And left you to fill his place?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You are an experienced bridge keeper, I see.'

'N-no, sir. I never tried the work before this.'

'U'm! Then you are quick to pick it up. The young man showed you about it, I suppose?'

'No, he—he was in quite a good deal of hurry, an' just asked me to look out for the work. But I'm handy about pickin' up things. I've been on board ship most o' my life, sir.'

'Oh, a sailor. That accounts for your judging of the boats' speed. You're a friend, or perhaps relative, of the young man?'

'No, I'm a stranger to everybody here. I've been lookin' for work, but couldn't find any. I was just—sittin' down here a while when the boy spoke to me.'

'U'm! a stranger, and he asked you to look out for his job, and did not wait to tell you what to do. You said for just a few minutes, I believe. Can you tell me exactly how long he has been gone?'

The old man hesitated.

'Well, ye see, sir,' he apologized, 'there was a ball game, an' ye know how boys are about such things. Ye mustn't be hard on him. I've done the best I could, an' don't think anything's gone amiss. The money's

BOYS AND GIRLS

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in on the table there, every cent. The boy means all right, I'm sure.'

'Can you tell me how long he has been gone?'

'Two hours, mebbe,' reluctantly.

'You could not find a job, you say. How would you like this one of bridge keeper?'

The old man caught his breath, and a look came to his face that momentarily transfigured it. The man in the carriage saw, as he had seen everything, even to the work of the broom and brush and the unusual polish of the foot passengers' gate. But the old man shook his head.

'Thank ye kindly, sir,' he said, 'but I can't do it. I don't want to get the job away from the boy.

'He has lost it already. If you do not take the place some one else will. I think we have made a mistake about young blood. What do you say?'

'Why—I—I—yes, an' thank ye,' huskily.

'Very well. Here,' writing a few words upon a slip of paper and passing it out, 'give this to the boy when he returns.'

Half an hour later the boy came, breathless.

'Everything all right?' he asked. Then, as he looked around, 'Yes, I see it is. I'm awfully obliged. Why, what's up?' for the old man was looking at him with perturbed face.

'A man stopped here in a carriage an'—an' let me have this paper for ye.'

The boy took the slip and read it, his face changing.

'It's from the owner,' he gasped, 'and says I must come to his office. Well, my place is lost. I'm done for, this time.'

'I'm sorry,' the old man said, his face full of genuine sympathy. 'I didn't want to tell anything, but he made me.'

'Oh, that's all right,' generously; 'when he saw you in my place he had to ask questions, and of course you had to answer. I am the only one to blame.'

An hour later the boy came back, walking very straight, with square shoulders and with a strange look on his face.

'I—I hope it wa'n't so bad as ye feared,' said the kind old man, anxiously.

'Bad,' in a hushed voice; 'no, it was good—all good. I never had a man talk to me like that before. I am to work in his office, where he can have an oversight of me, and I have come for my things in the house here. I have never thought much about my—my responsibilities and what I am to do in the world; but after this I think maybe I can do something worth while, with him looking on. I shall try hard.'

The Girl Who Goes to College.

(Mary Wood Allen, in the Epworth 'Herald.')

It is taken for granted that, until the end of her high school life, this particular girl has been at home and under the care and guidance of her mother. It is also taken for granted that when she begins her college career she will be away from home.

The girl who never has been thus thrown upon her own resources will find many problems confronting her. She may be perplexed in deciding for herself the whole routine of life. There is no one to tell her that for the sake of her health she should stop studying before midnight; no one to follow her up to see if she puts on her overshoes on rainy days, or dresses according to the weather; no one to check the social dissipation, or to suggest that midnight suppers injure digestion.

As a preparation for college life, the girl should learn at home to care for her clothing. Many girls come home at vacation time with their wardrobes in a state of absolute dilapidation, because they have not been accustomed to think of sewing on their own buttons or repairing the ravages of time or accident. They should also understand the wise choice of foods. Few college girls appreciate the fact that the digestive apparatus is the very foundation of health; that unwholesome foods and irregular habits of eating undermine this stronghold, and that in after years their education may be of little avail, through lack of digestive power to keep the body in working order.

The college girl ought to understand the value of sleep, and know, beyond all possibility of a question, that the brain which is not repaired by sufficient sleep cannot do good mental work. Girls often sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning, trying to study, when the brain is so exhausted by lack of sleep that it cannot retain the ideas committed to its care. Many failures in recitations might be avoided if fewer hours were spent in cramming, and more hours in sleep. The college girl should be impressed with the idea that she is studying to 'know'—not merely to satisfy the teacher, or to pass an examination. She should be so thoroughly imbued with the idea that oxygen is the most important food for the body that she will sleep with open windows, and religiously secure time for outdoor exercise.

While it is not wise for the girl at college to make a recluse of herself and shut herself away from all social life, it is equally unwise to allow social life to encroach upon the hours which should be given to sleep. She cannot safely be a society girl. She must make a choice out of the multitude of social opportunities, and avoid all amusements or entertainments which will leave her physically jaded or wearied. An occasional lecture or concert, an hour spent with pleasant companions, a dinner with a friend, or an occasional attendance upon a more pretentious social function, will compass all that the student can judiciously accept of social opportunities.

The choice of companions will be one of the most serious problems to confront the college girl. She will be thrown among a multitude of strangers, of whose home surroundings she knows absolutely nothing. If she could meet these young people in the environment of their own homes she would be able to judge more easily concerning their worth as companions. Here she must judge of them apart from everything except their own personality, and, with her inexperience of life, it is quite possible that her judgment will be unreliable. More particularly is this true in regard to the young men whom she will meet. Many a young man, with a pleasing exterior and faultless manner, comes from a home undesirable in its social position or moral atmosphere; and the girl is wise who holds herself in reserve, and makes no hasty friendships among either the young men or the young women whom she meets under these circumstances.

The life of the college girl is full of opportunities for mistakes arising from inexperience. The higher the ideals which have been implanted in her home life, and the more she has been accustomed to govern her life by reason rather than by impulse, the safer and more successful will she be.

Nor are her duties limited to herself and her college interests. She owes something to the dear home folks, who, if they have made no other sacrifice to give her these opportunities of culture, are at least deprived of the joy of her presence in the home. They think of her constantly, and long to know every detail of her life, even what dress she wore to a certain function, or what she had for dinner.

On the walls of a certain sailors' mission is displayed, in a clear black letters, this motto: 'You promised to write to mother. Do it now.' It is said that these few words, with their suggestion of home and its pure atmosphere, have saved many a man from yielding to temptation. The college girl has her temptations and puzzling situations. If she has formed the habit of writing everything to mother, she finds that the very writing has helped to solve her problems. The mere stating of the situation to mother has made her see it with mother's eyes, and judge it through mother's judgment; it has clarified her vision, strengthened her best impulses, and helped her to arrive at a wiser conclusion in regard to the matter; and so the college girl's long weekly letter home is not only a source of comfort to those who receive it, but a veritable safeguard to the girl who writes it.

Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner is believed to have been a member of the family of his name last seated at Mells, near Frome, in Somersetshire. A will, dated 1540, contains bequests to 'John Horner, the younger,' and in the previous year, at the destruction of the great abbey of Glastonbury, the Horners got so much of the good things going, that an old distich runs: 'Horner, Popham, Wyndham, and Thynne—When the Abbot came out, then they went in.' The plum, which little Jack pulled out, is surmised to have been a handsome share of the monastic estate, satirically alluded to by a wag, who certainly never dreamt that nearly 400 years later every child would be familiar with his rhyme. The Horners are still living at Mells.—Selected.

The Norse King and the Bird.

(By George Bancroft Griffith.)

A pleasant legend it is and old:
The king 'mong his courtiers sits—
A white-haired Norse is he and bold—
And through his great hall flits,
Suddenly, silently over them all,
A beautiful bird that does not fall,
And its broad wings shine like gold!

Then out again in the tempest dark
The bird as quickly flies,
And ere the group its course can mark
Is lost to their wondering eyes.
The king moves back from the embers' glow,
And his bright blue eyes a swift glance throw
O'er the board, as he says, 'All, hark!

'O counsellors, such is the life of man!
Out of the darkness into light,
Then lost in the blackness and storm again—
Swept into the depths of night!'
And a shadow, wide as a mighty wave,
Was flung o'er the room and its inmates grave
And a shudder through many ran.

Then a courtier old, with a saintly face
Made answer and said, 'O king,
You have wisely spoke, but forgot, your grace,
What to all is a vital thing!
The beautiful bird has its nest beyond;
There its notes are ever more sweet and fond
Than in any earthly place!'

—Selected.

Fault-finding.

My neighbor, Mr. Cross, is very fond of writing the affirmative 'yes' with the disjunctive 'but.' He never assents to anything without immediately filing a protest. If you say to him, 'This is a fine day,' he replies, 'Yes, but it's a little too warm, or a little too cloudy. He has formed this habit, and does not realize how disagreeable it is.

As we were going home together last Sunday, I said:

'Well, neighbor, that was an excellent sermon Dr. A. preached this morning.'

'Yes; but he ought to have made the application more direct and personal.'

'For my part, I thought he was quite personal enough. I know that he hit me pretty hard in what he said about formalism—doing Christian duties from habit without any heart in the service.'

'Well, he hit me there, too; but then he ought to have pitched into those fellows who don't have even a form of godliness.'

'Perhaps their turn will come next Sunday. A minister can't crowd everything into one sermon. He is to give to each his portion in due season. The sermon was quite long enough as it was.'

'Yes, quite long enough—indeed, too long. But——'

'Look here, Mr. Cross, you have been butting at me ever since we started. Can't you quit that goatish way of talking? You remind me of a pet that I had when I was a boy. My father one evening brought home a little kid in his pony chaise, and gave it to me for a playmate, as I had no brothers, and was lonesome. The kid became very fond of me. It would follow me wherever I went. We would play together on the porches and the lawn, and the young quadruped seemed to enjoy the sport quite as much as the young biped. But (to use your favorite disjunctive conjunction) the kid grew to be a goat, and his nature grew with his growth. If we were playing on the porch he would suddenly turn and butt me off. And so on the lawn, and everywhere, he became an intolerable nuisance. If visitors came to the house he would rush around to the front door and butt them. There was nothing malicious about Billy; it was all in fun. He seemed to think he was doing the right thing, no matter how we scolded. But his butting compelled us to sell him to the butcher. Now, I did not blame Billy—he was born a 'butcher'; but I don't think that we, as men, ought to imitate him. We

ought to be able to talk with each other without incessant butting.'

Mr. Cross did not relish my story, but I hope that it will do him good. I have no patience with people who are continually finding fault. They seem to think that they show their superiority by detecting the imperfections of others. But they are mistaken. Large natures are magnanimous. It is only little souls that watch for and see little things. The habit of finding fault on all occasions, of trying to pick a flaw in everything, is a bad one. I hope that my young readers especially will leave butting to the goats, and try to appreciate and enjoy what good there is in the world, not expecting to find perfection in anything or anybody.—'Christian Globe.'

A Desperate Leap.

(W. E. Maclellan, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

When I was about fourteen years of age I went with my father and mother to pass the summer at Hanson, on the Nova Scotia coast.

That summer, I shall always remember, for it came very near to being my last. To this day I cannot think without a shiver of a desperate and foolhardy adventure, which cured me effectually and forever of the absurd idea that it is cowardly to refuse to risk one's life in a competition of daring.

My parents were both past middle life, and neither of them was in very good health. They were consequently little disposed to exertion. I was an energetic, self-reliant boy. So after we were comfortably settled I was left pretty much to my own devices.

Naturally I soon sought and found acquaintances among the boys of the town. They were an active, hardy lot, devoted to outdoor sports, and proved most congenial companions. Cricket was their favorite game, and mine as well. I had been carefully coached in it by an English gardener of my father's, besides having had opportunities of seeing it well played; advantages which the young Bluenoses had not enjoyed.

My acknowledged superiority at cricket gave me an enviable standing among the boys; was, indeed, the means of making me a sort of leader among them. Before long I had a following of lads of my own age, who spent their evenings and Saturdays, when they were free of school, with me.

The house my parents had taken was in the eastern part of the town; consequently, in the factions into which the boys divided themselves, I was classed as an 'East-ender.' A lad a little older than myself was the leader of the 'West-enders.' He was, at the best, by no means a pleasant youth, and always seemed to take special delight in making himself disagreeable to me.

At first I honestly tried to win his friendship, but soon gave it up as hopeless; and we continued rivals, with a growing feeling of hostility between us. He was an active, fearless fellow, and in our trials of strength or endurance was usually a little more than my match.

Climbing was an unfailing source of competition. We climbed almost every difficult tree in the neighboring fields or woods, and when we could get the chance, clambered in the rigging of the vessels in port.

Toward the end of the summer the erection of a wooden tower on a central eminence was begun. The tower at once became an object of great attraction for us. It was to reach a height of over a hundred feet, and was designed for an observatory.

As often as they would allow us, we followed the builders up on the frame, and soon undertook the performance of such reckless feats that we were forbidden further access to it. After that we lost interest until the report spread that sailors had been engaged to set the upper timbers in place, the local workmen being afraid to undertake the task.

This was a sufficiently exciting announcement to cause the boys to gather at the foot of the tower that evening. 'East-enders' and 'West-enders' were there in force. Work had stopped for the day, and we made a leisurely inspection of the building. The frame had all been put up, but a considerable portion at the top still remained unenclosed. The bare beams so far above us looked very slender and unsubstantial against the sky.

The ladders by which the lower staging could be reached had been removed, no doubt as a precaution against us. So we wandered about the base of the tower, or stood looking up, discussing the danger of working at such a height. I was a good deal impressed, and freely expressed my admiration of the men who had nerve enough to put the finishing touches to the frame.

My 'West-end' opponent, who had been listening but saying nothing, evidently came to the conclusion that at last he had found a favorable opportunity to humiliate me, for he suddenly broke in with a sneering drawl:

'I say, Mossback,'—his favorite name for me,—'you seem to be in a good bit of a funk over the thought of climbing that tower. Would you like to sit down and watch me do it?'

My spirit was up in a flash, and I retorted: 'You would be a good deal more likely to want to sit down and watch me do it!'

'Think so?' was the coolly provoking reply. 'Well, we shall soon see, for I am going up.' With that he took off his coat, sat down, and began deliberately to unlace his shoes. A thought of not following his example never crossed my mind. We had had too many contests in the past for that.

The boys gathered in excitement around us as we made our preparations. My opponent kept up a running fire of aggravating chaff, directed at me, to the boisterous delight of his supporters. Before we were ready he had put me in such a state of mind that I would have faced death rather than allow him to triumph over me.

'Come on now, Mossback,' he called, as he sauntered toward the tower, 'let's see how far you can follow me.'

'When you get to the top of the tower you'll find me there waiting for you,' I answered, fiercely; and followed him into the structure, where the exposed beams afforded a possible but by no means easy way of ascent. Our respective factions cheered us loudly as we went at our task.

From brace to brace and beam to beam we made our way; slowly at first, and not without danger, until we got above the boarded-in portion of the tower. After that our progress was much more easy and rapid.

At seventy or eighty feet above the ground I stopped a moment for rest, and looked down. I was surprised at the extent to which objects below had dwindled in size.

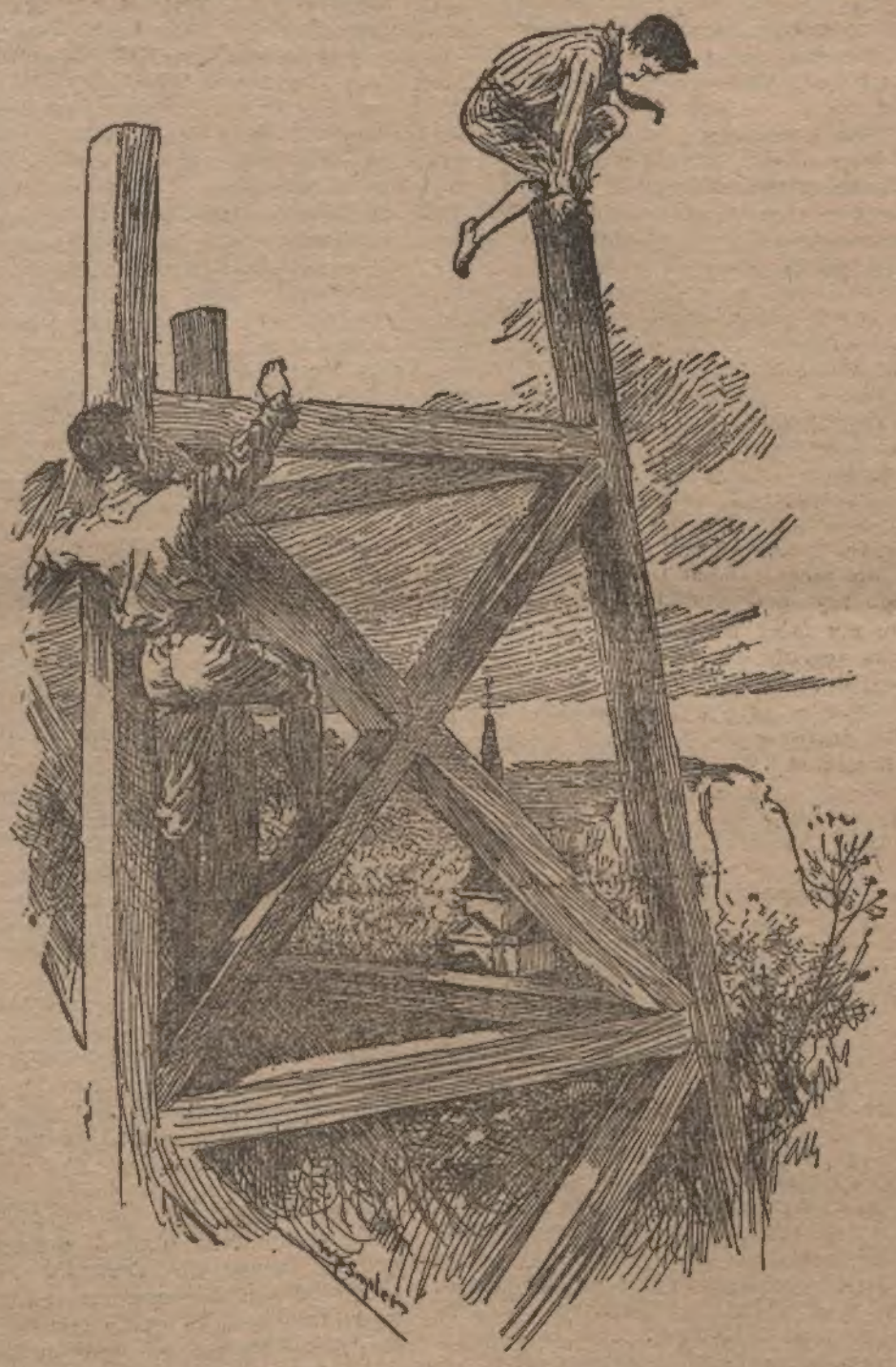
I noticed men and women running from various directions toward the tower. I felt pleased to think the news of our undertaking had spread, and that we were to have plenty of spectators.

But I suddenly became conscious, as I looked down from this, the loftiest elevation I had ever reached, of a singular quivering at my heart, which seemed to force the blood in uncertain waves to my head, and unsteady my nerves.

However, I had no time to think. My rival was gaining on me. He was doggedly pushing his way upward. I followed, without further thought of my own feelings or paying attention to what was going on below.

Higher and higher we went, indistinctly hearing, but paying no attention to, the shouts which ascended from the gathering crowd beneath, so intent were we on the struggle in which we were engaged.

Foot after foot we ascended, my rival still gaining. It was evident that the victory



A FOOLHARDY FEAT.

would be his, but I would not give in. Trembling with excitement and panting with exertion, I kept on, obstinately. When at last, half a minute behind him, I reached the summit, he greeted me with a jeering shout of triumph. He was standing on one of the cross-beams, holding on to the corner-post into which it was mortized. The posts projected some three or four feet above the beams. I took this in at a glance, and cried excitedly, and in a taunting voice:

'You seem not to notice that you haven't yet reached the top of this tower, where I told you you would find me awaiting you.'

'What do you mean?' he asked, looking incredulously about him.

'I mean,' said I, 'that you are still some feet from the top, to which I am going.'

'Are you mad?' cried he, turning pale at the suggestion. 'The tops of these posts are

not more than six inches square; and see, the frame is swaying in the breeze!'

'Ah!' sneered I, remembering his jibes below, 'frightened, are you? Well, I'm not; and I'll show you that I keep my word, whatever you may do.'

'You are a fool!' shouted my companion, as I laid my hands on the post beside me, preparatory to leaping up. 'You will never get down alive, and I sha'n't stay to watch you.'

'Good-by, coward,' I called tauntingly after him.

Then, without stopping to consider what I was doing, I sprang lightly up, and exerting the muscles of my arms, brought myself to a kneeling posture on top of the post. Slowly and cautiously I arose, balanced myself and stood erect on that giddy spot.

My first sensations were of triumph and pleasure. I had completely outdone and humiliated my insolent rival, and I was standing at a magnificent height, commanding a striking view of the town and country below.

For several moments my eyes were fastened on the more distant landscape, and I did not realize my position. But a wild shriek from almost directly beneath me caused me to look quickly down.

With the downward glance came the awakening.

I saw a crowd of people below, all gazing intently up at me. With a sudden, sharp shock, deadly fear seized me.

My heart gave two or three bursting throbs, sending the blood with a blinding rush to my head, and then went off in a sickening flutter which caught my breath and almost robbed me of consciousness.

I quailed and tottered, still keeping my eyes fixed, in hopeless fascination, on the terrible distance below.

Thoughts of the long, awful plunge downward floated like a dream through my mind. I closed my eyes involuntarily, with a shuddering sob, as I seemed to feel the crushing thud at the bottom.

In another moment all would have been over. I could stand no more. But again that despairing shriek reached my ears. The thought that my mother must be there below flashed through my fast-clouding mind. She would witness my fall. I raised my eyes to heaven in mute appeal.

The spell was broken!

It was the fixity of my downward gaze that had been drawing me with fearful certainty to destruction. I felt then that if I could only keep my eyes fastened for a short time on things above or at a distance, I might yet save myself.

I put forth all my powers of will. I got control of my thoughts. The experience of the last few moments had made a man of me. I began with almost supernatural coolness to consider plans of escape.

On top of the post on which I was perched I had merely standing room. My first thought was to try to get down upon one knee, reach the post with my hands, and so lower myself to the beam below. At three or four, instead of over a hundred, feet from the ground, this would have been easy enough. But I knew that to do it now it would be necessary for me to look down again, and I dared not make the attempt.

There was but one other chance for me, and that I promptly resolved to try. I would leap from the post to the beam below. It was a beam six or seven inches wide, and less than four feet beneath me. I nerved myself as best I could with the thought that if only it were on the ground I could scarcely miss it.

I knew that if I jumped boldly enough toward the opposite corner-post, some six or seven feet distant, I might grasp it in time to save myself if I lost my footing after reaching the beam.

At such a height it was a terrible leap to take, but it was that or swift destruction. I knew I had no time to lose. At any moment weakness might again overtake me.

Carefully I felt with my bare feet, moving until I knew I must be facing exactly right. Then, with a swift glance to assure myself I was making no mistake, I threw up my hands and, uttering an irrepressible scream, leaped unhesitatingly out.

I alighted fairly on the beam, but stumbled forward, and would have gone whirling down below, had not my arms met in a desperate clasp about the post toward which I had sprung. I was saved.

Quite incapable of movement, and more dead than alive, I clung to my place of security until a rescuing party reached me.

I was taken down in safety, and placed in the carriage beside my swooning mother, who had driven up in time to witness and be completely overcome by my deadly peril.

The cheers which burst from the crowd as we started homeward fell on very dull ears.

I recovered from the shock of my adventure much more speedily than did my mother, and far more speedily than I deserved. But I have never since been able to look down from any considerable elevation without experiencing a renewal of my sensations on the top of that Hanson tower. Nor do I ever see boys inciting each other to feats of reckless daring without wishing to tell them this story.

A Manly Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a dull one, help him to learn his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.—Horace Mann.

Sir Jack the Boastful.

(M. E. R., in the 'Child's Hour.')

'There they come! Hark to the music! That's the grand car for the band. It always goes first in a procession,' said Minna, thrusting an eager face through the window.

'Yes,' replied thoughtful Jess; 'but how tired all the poor horses look!'

'See, here come the camels,' shouted Jack and Elsie—'yes, and two elephants!'

'I wonder,' said Mary, 'if they will all be performing at the circus this afternoon! They won't have any time to rest.'

'Those great covered waggons hold the lions' and tigers' cages,' said Jack. 'I wish they were open so that we could see them. I went to a Zoo once and heard the beasts roar, but I wasn't a bit afraid; I'm such a brave boy!'

'Really?' questioned Minna, doubtfully.

'Why, yes, of course; a boy's bound to be brave, you know. We boys are not like a pack of cowardly girls.'

'Thank you!' said May laughing.

'If,' continued Jack, cocking his little snub nose and holding his head high—'if I were to meet a lion or a wolf in the street, I would face him boldly till he turned round and ran away to avoid my eye.' There was a roar of merriment at this, and Jack, much offended, went on. 'You know what uncle said the other day about wild beasts not liking to be stared at? Well, I should stare at the beast till he—'

'Jumped and ate you up?' suggested Jessie; and Jack, finding that all his arguments were unconvincing, and that his own high opinion of his courage was not shared by his sisters, subsided into a sulky silence.

That afternoon they all went out for their half-holiday walk, and coming to a stile, they spied a large dog sitting close on the other side. He seemed to have been left on guard, for a basket was lying close to him, on which he kept a watchful eye.

Jack had not seen the dog before mounting the stile, and now he only peered down distrustfully, looking disturbed in his mind.

'Over with you, Jack!' cried Jessie; 'you're keeping us all waiting.'

'It's—there's a dog here!' stammered Jack.

'Well, what of it?' questioned Minna; 'there are dogs everywhere.'

'But this one's a strange dog,' pleaded Jack, 'and I'm afraid he'll bite.'

A ripple of laughter went round among the girls at this confession. Then little Elsie, taking hold of Jack's ankles, pulled him down from his perch, and, taking his place, got over the stile, and in a moment was on her knees by the dog, patting and kissing his beautiful head. Then she looked up, her eyes dancing. 'Now, Jack,' said she, 'I'll hold this wild beast while you get over.' And Jack, with very red cheeks, scrambled across the stile.

That evening the children were all sitting round the table doing their lessons for the next day, when there came a sudden piercing shriek from Jack, who jumped up from his seat and leaped on to the sofa, whence he peered down at the floor in a perfect panic of fear.

'Why, Jack dear,' said his mother, 'what is the matter?'

'Oh, mother,' cried the boy, 'it was a real live mouse! I saw it run over the end of the table and then pop down, and it must be on the floor now.'

Jessie looked up slyly.

'That's the second time to-day, Jackie,' said she, with a twinkle in her saucy eyes.

There was silence for about ten minutes, and then Minna, who was the scribbler of the family, produced a scrap of paper upon which she had written the following elegant poem:

'Sir Jack was a hero and brave to a fault.
Quite ready—'in words'—for defense or assault.
He feared not the beasts in the great lion-house,
But he drew the line at a dog and a mouse,
We would counsel Sir Jack, when to fighting he goes,
To slay Giant Brag as the worst of his foes.'

'Never mind, Jackie dear,' said little Elsie, stealing a hand into her brother's, when Minna's verse had been read out, 'you'll be the bravest of the lot of us some of these days.'

'I don't think so,' said poor Jack; 'but, anyway, I'll never brag any more.'

New Premiums.

We have just added some new premiums to our stock that will be so easily earned by selling the Christmas 'Pictorial' (15 cents a copy) that it will be surprising if they do not find their way into many many homes of our young 'Messenger' readers. We have some premiums (new and old favorites) to be earned by selling only 4 copies at 15 cents. Think of that! What are they?

These are six to choose from:—

1.—Boys' Jack-knife, with chain and swivel to prevent it getting lost, stout hard wood handle and two blades, one large, one small.

2.—Girls' Pen-knife, nickel handle, two blades, length closed 2 1-2 inches, strong, yet slender for purse or pencil box.

3.—Folding Pocket Scissors, a neat, compact little article, a very useful addition to the work bag.

4.—Child's Table Set, knife, fork, and spoon, makes no claim to being heavy silver plate, but is very pretty and serviceable. A charming present for the small brother or sister.

5.—Childs' Illustrated Gift Book. Scripture or secular subject as preferred. Daintily bound in white, ornamented with gold and colors (Publishers price 50 cents).

6.—Set of Three Maple Leaf Brooch Pins. Colored, hard enamel, very pretty and useful as brooches, or beauty pins or as a blouse set.

Often in your own family or among your nearest friends you can secure orders for 4 'Christmas Pictorials' (15 cents each) for they will be the very best sort of a Christmas card to send to friends in 'the old country' or anywhere else. If you send the money in advance (60 cents in money order or registered letter) you would get the premium by return mail and the copies of the 'Pictorial' to deliver, but if you don't want to send the money first just send us a post card saying: 'Please send me 4 'Christmas Pictorials' for me to sell at 15 cents to earn a .....' and we will send on the copies and get your premium ready to send off just as soon as the money comes back to us. We will also send our premium list of other things to choose from if you want to change your mind and earn something bigger.

Remember, you don't promise to sell every month just because you sell the Christmas number. We want to place the 'Christmas Pictorial' in just as many homes as we can, and in doing so we are ready to help our young readers to earn nice Christmas presents for themselves or for their friends. Now, who is going to try? You can all speak at once if you like, for we have special clerks ready to handle all the many Christmas orders. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Mary's Afternoon Call.

It had been raining hard for two days, and poor little Mary Fraser was so tired of playing with dolls and looking at her picture books.

She was cross, too, because her mother had promised to take her to town that afternoon if it stopped raining, and there it was, just pouring cats and dogs, as cook said.

Mary hit the window sill hard with her little hands. 'I wish they'd eat each other up,' she wailed.

However, Mary was a nice little girl, and never stayed cross very long, so she began to think of something else to do.

All at once she had a bright idea. She ran out of the room and upstairs, and was quiet for so long that her mother began to wonder where she was.

Presently Mrs. Fraser heard a gentle tap at the door. 'Come in,' she called.

'THIS IS THE WAY THE LADIES WALK.' —'Cassell's Illustrated Almanack.'

The door opened slowly and in walked the funniest little lady you ever saw.

On her head was an old bonnet of Grandma's, and she had found a little velvet jacket of mother's, and a great big paper fan. But the skirt was the best part of the dress.

It was so long it trailed way out behind, and Mary had to hold it up high in front, too.

'Why, how do you do, Miss Marysweet,' said Mrs. Fraser. 'I am very glad to see you this wet day. It is so kind of you to call on me, and I hope you will stay to tea.'

So Mary had a lovely grown-up tea in the parlor with mother, which was almost as nice as going to town, at least, I think so. Don't you? —H. K.

'Lord, Help Me.'

Fred was a little fellow, who had been told not to go through a hole in the hedge into a neighbor's garden. He minded pretty well usually, often 'peeping through' it is true, but keeping the letter of the law faithfully, till one day when he heard his mother's voice speaking on that forbidden side, and his sharp eyes caught a glimpse of her blue dress as she stood talking with her neighbor.

Then began a tug and tussle with temptation. Oh, he wanted to, so! But mamma said not! Oh, but he couldn't help it! Mamma said not!

All at once mamma heard a little shaky voice calling, a little frightened voice, with the note of entreaty that claims attention:

'Mamma, tum here! Tum see to F'eddy! I feel dust like I is going froo!'

And sure enough he was halfway through, and she came just in time to save him from entire disobedience. In

the very stress and strain of temptation he had called out for help against himself and found it.

Dear young folks, try little Fred's plan. Keep away from the 'hole in the hedge,' if you can, but if ever you feel as if 'you were going through,' call out to the One who is 'never out of hearing.' When you are angry, when you are envious—no matter what the hole in the hedge is—not only count twenty-five like Tattycoram, but look up and say, 'Lord, help me! My feet are well-nigh slipped!'

He never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.
—'Wellspring.'

Preparing for Sunday.

(By M. L. Duncan, in 'Here a Little and There a Little.'

Haste! put your playthings all away,—
To-morrow is the Sabbath-day;
Come! bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty tinkling music-cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath-day.

Bring me your German village, please!
With all its houses, gates and trees;
Your waxen doll, with eyes of blue,
And all her tea-things, bright and new;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath-day.

Now take your Sunday pictures down,—
King David with his harp and crown,
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon His day.

There is your hymn-book. You shall learn
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn;
Your book of Bible stories, too,
Which dear mamma will read to you;
I think, although you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath-day.

Tiny Farmers.

Ants are wonderfully wise little creatures and are well worth watching.

They follow many trades, one of which is farming.

The farmer ants live in warm climates. In our country they may be found in Texas, Florida and several other Southern states.

They do not live in small hills, but in one which is often as large as a large room, and which is sometimes high and sometimes flat.

Around it is a circle of ground, in which no weeds or grass, except the special grain which the ants wish to raise is allowed to grow. This grain is called ant-rice. It is a kind of grass with a large seed, and when it is ripe the tiny brown farmers pick up the seeds as they fall and carry them into their storerooms. Then they cut down old stems and take them away, leaving the place clean for the next crop.

Their next duty is to husk the seeds they have gathered. The bad ones are thrown away and the good ones are carefully watched.

They are often cut to prevent sprouting, and after a rain they are always carried out to be dried in the sun.

The seeds, of course, are for winter food. There is an ant native to Florida which rolls into little balls the dust or pollen of pine cones and stores them away for food.

Another uses pine needles. They cut in pieces the tiny pine trees as soon as they peep above the ground and carry home the bits of pine laid across their backs after the fashion of a man bearing a gun. In their heads are little grooves in which the bit of pine rests easily. They make an odd procession. Some ants, it is said, plant sunflower seeds, but this is not known, though it is not unbelievable. They certainly eat them, for they have been seen to climb to a sunflower and pull out the seed. Their tongues are like files and they rasp the seed or grain and lick up the oil.—'Eagle.'

Charlie's White Rabbit.

(By M. I. H., in the 'Child's Hour.')

Charlie West went out one summer morning to feed his rabbits as usual, when he found, to his grief, that his beautiful white bunny was missing. At first he thought some one must have stolen his treasure, and then he remembered that the fastening was not very strong; so he made up his mind to search for her in the garden. He looked here and there, but nowhere could he find her. Then he walked to the gardener's cottage, to ask if anyone there had seen Pink-eye, for this was the name of his pet.

The door was open, and he could hear voices speaking.

'Jim,' a woman was saying, 'she isn't yours, my dear, so you mustn't keep her.'

'But I found her in the garden, mother,' answered a weak little voice, 'and I do want her so badly.'

At this moment Charlie West came up to the door, and he saw a sight which made his heart beat very quickly. For safe in the keeping of the little cripple Jim was Pink-eye, his missing rabbit. After a few seconds Charlie made up his mind to part with his pet.

'You may have her to keep if you like,' he said, gently, 'she is one of my rabbits.'

Jim's look of happiness was good to see, and Charlie felt well rewarded for his kind act.

The Fairies' Trolley Cars.

(By Mary M. Currier, in the 'Young Crusader.')

It had been raining a long time, and Gladys was tired of playing indoors. She pressed her little face close to the window, and looked longingly out. The little circlets in the miniature pond in front of the house were dancing about merrily, and they were apparently having the jolliest time in the world. But this did not add anything to the child's joy.

Great silver drops were clinging to the branches of the rosebush in the yard, but Gladys did not see any beauty in them; they had been there a long time, and she had seen them a great many times before. She turned away from the window at last with a long-drawn sigh.

'I guess you didn't see the fairies' trolly cars, did you?' asked Auntie Meg, who had taken note of the sigh and the discouraged little countenance.

'No, Auntie; where are they?' and she turned to the window again.

'Just see if you can find them,' said Aunt Meg.

Up and down she looked. The grass, the trees, every visible part of Mr. Morton's house across the way, and of Mr. Little's, which stood next to it, the muddy streets, and even the dull gray clouds in the sky, were gazed upon and intently. At last she gave it up.

'I've looked just everywhere, and I can't find them. Are they really and truly fairies' trolley cars out there?'

'They look as if they might be,' said Aunt Meg, 'but I'm not sure that there are fairies inside. I can only see the outside of the cars, you know.'

'Are they going, or is it only a makebelieve?'

'They are going,' said Aunt Meg.

Once more Gladys searched for them, but with no better success than before.

'It's not every little girl that can see the fairies' trolley cars,' said Aunt Meg, 'for before the cars can run, you know, there must be a track. There happens to be a track going past the house.'

'O, I see,' cried Gladys. 'It's the telephone wire! And I can see the little drops of water sliding along down the hill on the wire.'

Auntie Meg smiled.

'They do look like cars, only they're all going one way. It's a good thing that the faries, like other people, can have trolley cars on rainy days. They don't need them on sunny days, do they?'

'No,' said Aunt Meg.

Who Loves the Trees Best?

Who loves the trees best?
'I,' said the Spring.
'Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring.'
Who loves the trees best?
'I,' Summer said.
'I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red.'
Who loves the trees best?
'I,' said the Fall.
'I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all.'
Who loves the trees best?
'I love them best,'
Harsh Winter answered,
'I give them rest.'
—Selected.

..HOUSEHOLD..

Her World.

(Emily H. Miller.)

Behind them slowly sank the western world,
Before them new horizons opened wide;
'Yonder,' he said, 'old Rome and Venice wait,
And lovely Florence by the Arno's tide.'
She heard, but backward all her heart had sped,
Where the young moon sailed through the sunset red;
'Yonder,' she thought, 'with breathing soft and deep,
My little lad lies smiling in his sleep.'

They sailed where Capri dreamed upon the sea
And Naples slept beneath her olive trees;
They saw the plains where trod the gods of old,
Pink with the flush of wild anemones.
They saw the marbles by the master wrought
To shrine the heavenly beauty of his thought.
Still rang one longing through her smiles and sighs.
'If I could see my little lad's sweet eyes!'

Down from her shrine the dear Madonna gazed
Her baby lying warm against her breast.
'What does she see?' he whispered; 'can she guess
The cruel thorns to those soft temples pressed?'
'Ah, no,' she said; 'she shuts him safe from harms,
Within the love-locked harbor of her arms,
No fear of coming fate could make me sad,
If so, to-night, I held my little lad.'

'If you could choose,' he said, ' a royal boon,
Like that girl dancing yonder for the king,
What gift from all her kingdom would you bid
Obedient Fortune in her hand to bring?'
The dancer's robe, the glittering banquet hall
Swam in a mist of tears along the wall.
'Not power,' she said, 'nor riches nor delight,
But just to kiss my little lad to-night!'

—Selected.

To Bed at Nine.

'I always work until I drop,' the writer has heard a girl say with pride. Now, to work until one drops is a thing to be ashamed of, to blush for, not a praiseworthy thing by any means. A much better rule is to stop before you are ready to drop. In the end, the person who works steadily and well, but who does not work beyond her strength, is the one whose work stands the test of time, and proves acceptable in the market.

The moment you feel that you are going to pieces, that you want to fly, or to fidget, or scream, or do something besides sit still, and, as the photographer bids you, look pleasant, you are probably suffering from overwork. What is the remedy? Is there one? To be sure there is. Get more sleep.

'But I can't go to bed at eight o'clock,' pleads a girl who knows that at eight her head feels heavy, and her back aches. Well, eight may be too early, but what is there to be said against nine? Three hours of sleep before midnight would make many a tired girl feel better, keep her skin fresh, and her color bright, and immensely add to her good looks.

Names Wanted.

We wish to send out, at this season, a large number of sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' and we ask our readers to kindly furnish us with lists of names. Even four or five would be appreciated.

To those who will send us a list of names and addresses of only ten adults (heads of families preferred, and not more than one name from the same home) persons who they think would be interested in our papers, we will send a colored picture, free and postpaid. Please cut out this advt. and send with your list, or head it 'Names for Sampling.'

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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The astonishing activity of the Germans in the matter of war balloons; the Sultan of Turkey, a monarch who managed to keep his head during a revolution and spring into popularity with his subjects at the same time; the Prince who has declared himself a King; his triumphal state entry into his Capital.

Sports:—Capturing elephants in Siam, a remarkable series of pictures; Football, the sport of the autumn.

Many happy returns to Her Majesty; Charming family group, timely, in view of Queen Alexandra's Birthday on December 1st.

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The Pictorial Publishing Co.,
142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Boys wanted everywhere to sell the Christmas Number for Premiums. See advt. elsewhere.

A Bank Account for Women.

What women nowadays most need is a business education. It is a mistaken kindness which relieves them of trouble by denying them practical experience of the methods of the world's work. They need it for independence, there being something unnecessarily humiliating in the common method by which the evidences of a woman's property never come into her own hands. They need it for right understanding of the position and prospects of father, brother or husband. Moreover, in the uncertainty of life they may be thrown upon their own resources, and they need it for safety, since they live in a business world and must conform to business laws. And for a beginning of this education there is nothing better than a bank account. Only a very small proportion of the exchanges of the world are made with coin or notes. By far the largest part is made by the use of checks or drafts, the money represented by these forms of paper remaining in the bank and serving as the basis for a manifold use. Then, too, a bank account serves as an easy means of keeping accounts. The sums deposited and checks drawn have to be reckoned in order that the amount of one's credit may be known.—'Congregationalist.'

He Knew.

There was a mother whose little child of six years never said willingly, 'I am sorry.' The mother thought and prayed over the matter, and at last she tried a story in a new way. The story she selected was of the Prodigal Son, and the truth she determined to emphasize was the nobility of telling when one had done a wrong thing. She said: 'I read the story again and again, and kept on reading until I lived the life of each one. When I felt the way the boy felt, I thought I was ready to tell it to my children.' After the telling, days passed before the mother knew that the story had borne fruit, but the hour came at last when the child clumsily acknowledged that he had done wrong and sobbed out, 'Now I know how the boy in the story felt.'—Selected.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families

given free as a return for a little pleasant work in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums — quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS are those who have not before taken the paper, or who, at least, have not been on our mailing list within the last two years; in short, whose subscription means a genuine increase in our circulation.

RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

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THREE SPLENDID WATCHES to choose from. All of them stem wind, stem set, and guaranteed one year. Thousands of these watches in use all over the country. Treat them as you would a $20.00 watch and they will give you good satisfaction.

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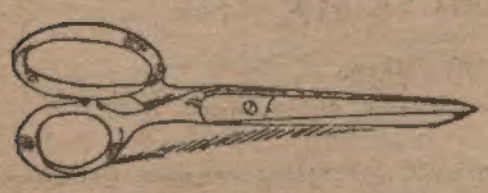
No. 3.—Gun Metal Case and fancy dial, with coat-of-arms on the back in beautifully colored hard enamel. Given for TWO RENEWALS and FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each.

WATCH CHAIN—A good serviceable Chain in white metal. Given for ONE NEW subscription at 40 cents.

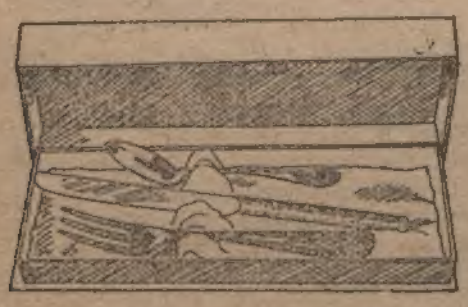
CUTTING SHEARS.



Indispensable to the home dressmaker. Eight inches long. Good tempered steel. Free to an old subscriber sending his own renewal at 40 cents and TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

CHILD'S TABLE SETS.

Three styles and grades of these attractive little sets, consisting of silver plated knife, fork and spoon in neat satinette-lined box. Will delight the little folks. A splendid Christmas present for the small brother or sister.



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No. 2: Red Riding Hood Set. Triple plate handle of Fork and Spoon illustrating the famous old nursery tale. Very attractive. Given for TWO NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

No. 3: Aberdeen Set—extra heavy plate—prettily chased design on handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

SET OF TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

Handsome set of three combs, extra strong, rich brown tortoise, ornamented with brilliants.

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LEATHER HAND BAG No. 1.—A very serviceable article, in black only; imitation seal—

nine inches long—inside pocket, with small coin purse to match. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

LEATHER HAND BAG No. 2.—The stylish 'Squaw' bag (nine inches) in soft leather,

tan, brown, or black, cut leather fringe and ring handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

LADIES' LEATHER PURSE.—The new 'Envelope' design, with two flags and fasten-

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Further instructions see also next page.

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PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families

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Very handy for school use—or for the work bag. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

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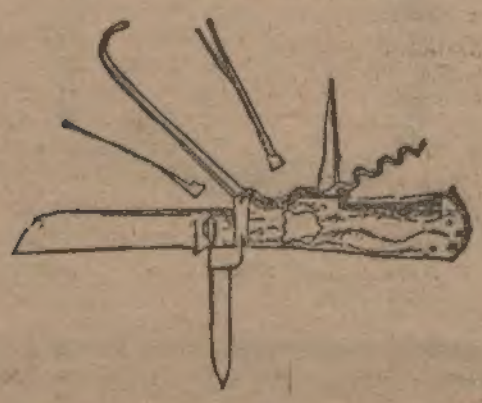
A 'Minion' Bagster Bible—just the size for S. S. use. Free for THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SAFETY RAZOR.

If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

Free for only SIX NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FARMERS' KNIFE.



A splendid combination article, strong buckhorn handle, seven useful tools in one, besides two fine blades—Sheffield make. A knife for every practical man.

Free for only FIVE NEW subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

GOLD NIBBED FOUNTAIN PEN.

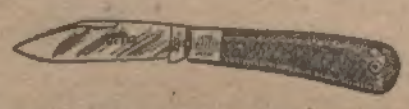
A very satisfactory fountain pen, guaranteed by the makers to be 14k. gold nib well hammered, ensuring elasticity and easy writing. Usually sold at $1.50 to $1.75. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

THREE USEFUL JACK-KNIVES.

No. 1: A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut

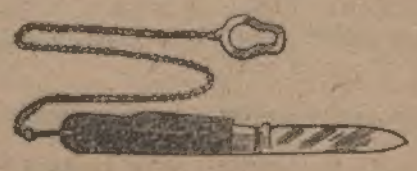
shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each.

No. 2: Only one blade, but extra large and strong, of fine tempered Sheffield steel. Pol-



ished hard wood handle with hole for chain or cord. A man's practical knife. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

No. 3: Two blades, hard wood handle, good steel. Chain and swivel to prevent its get-



ting lost. A splendid knife for a school boy. Given for ONE RENEWAL and ONLY ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' each at 40 cents.

A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE.

No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; fine tempered steel, buckhorn handles. Free for only ONE RENEWAL and FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

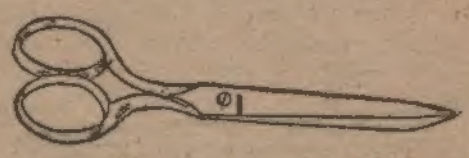
Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH PIN.

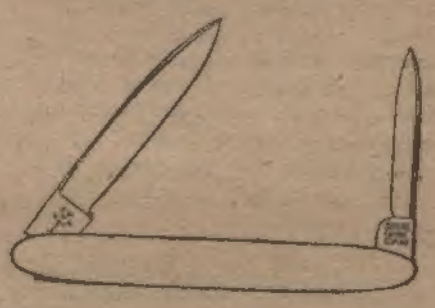
One Maple Leaf Brooch Pin in colored hard enamel, with word 'Canada' across the face, given for only ONE NEW subscriber to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents (or Maple Leaf Stick Pin, if preferred.)

FIVE INCH SCISSORS.



Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

GIRL'S PEN-KNIFE.



Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pearl to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. If short one RENEWAL, add 15 cents; if short one NEW subscription, add 25 cents.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

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Cheering Voice From Many Lands.

(Translated by Lydia M. Millard.)

A soul, blue-skied, that always sees
Some sunshine in the dark,
Can ever find some heavenly breeze
To help its trembling bark.
—From the Swedish.

Bear, with all thy bravest power,
All that heaven hath sent to thee;
Now a grave and now a bower,
Ever mortal lot must be.
—From the Spanish.

Though sorrow hover round thee now,
Joy may be coming soon;
Not always bends Apollo's bow—
His silent lyre may tune.
—From the Latin.

Cream of Celery Soup.

This is one of the most delicious of thick soups. It is very inexpensive and easily made.

If you are having a fricasse of chicken for dinner or a boiled chicken save the gravy and bones left and make the cream of celery the next day. Put the chicken bones and gravy or the water in which the chicken was boiled in a saucepan, add the outside stalks and the root end of a bunch of celery and two large onions; cut all these in rather small pieces; cover the whole with cold water and let it boil steadily until the celery and onions are very soft, then press the whole through a colander. Return the pulp and liquor to the saucepan over the fire and let it boil until reduced one-half; then to a pint of the stock soup add a pint of milk; when it comes to a boil thicken it well with flour dissolved in cream. It will take two heaping tablespoonfuls of flour to a quart of soup dissolved in a half pint of cream. When it has boiled one minute after the thickening is in strain the soup again through a fine strainer and serve in a hot tureen.

The Cookery.

A writer in 'Good Housekeeping' says trenchantly: 'The dyspeptics from bad cookery are prettily evenly balanced by the dyspeptics from overeating. It is the man who can buy and have the best who drops dead in his chair, not the workingman who throws in the poorest in ten minutes. The Parisians are a race of dyspeptics, and in Paris one learns that the appetite is not the digestion.'

Household Hints.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Don't sleep with eyes facing the light. A test by closing the eyes when facing the light quickly shows that the strain is only lessened, not removed, and the interposition of an adequate shade is as grateful to the shut eyes as when they are open. It is sometimes necessary in a small room to have the bed face the window; but even then, by means of shades rolling from the bottom instead of from the top, the window may be covered to the few inches left free for the passage of air. Sore or inflamed eyes are relieved by bathing in tepid or warm water in which a little salt has been dissolved. An individual towel should be used in all such cases—never one which is used in common by members of the family.

A REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.—The following recipe has been found effective in cases for rheumatism: One new egg well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, an ounce of spirits of turpentine, half an ounce of camphor. These ingredients must first be beaten together thoroughly, then put in a bottle and shaken for ten minutes, after which it should be corked tightly to keep out the air. In half an hour it will be ready for use. It should be applied three or four times a day, and for rheumatism in the head it should be rubbed on the back of the neck and behind the ears. It will keep for an indefinite time, and, in fact, is rather improved by age.

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FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

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2451.—Infants' bibs and flannel shirts.—One shirt with shoulder seams and with sleeves and body in one, and the other without under arm seams, and with high or low neck and long or short sleeves. One size.

2660.—Slipper case and sewing bag.—Cretonne flowered chintz, art ticking, denim, or fancy silk may be used for these articles, which make very acceptable gifts. One size.

1594.—Infants' caps and one-piece sack.—Soft cashmere, challis, Canton flannel or albatross, are all suitable materials for these garments. One size.

2640.—Dolls' dress and kimono.—Six sizes, 14 to 24 inches high (measuring from crown to sole).—For the dress, lawn or challis are suitable materials, while the wrapper should be developed in flannel.

1840.—Child bonnets, with lining.—One in Dutch style with revers, and the other shirred.—Both these bonnets may be developed in silk, cashmere, lansdowne, albatross, woolbatiste, messaline or satin. Four sizes, 2 to 5.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and addresses clearly.

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Tithing; An Experience.

(By Mary Hemstock.)

May I give my experience with regard to 'tithing?' We began giving one-tenth of our income to the Lord a year or so after we were married and continued the practice until my husband's death. For eleven years I kept it up. I continued to prosper in this world's goods until 'the tenth' became quite an item. My friends advised me that my first duty was to make provision for my three children in the way of building a house, etc. I was not expected, they said, nor was it right, to give so much to the Lord's cause, I listened. For one year I ceased giving as I had been doing, but found I could not spare $10 as easily as I had spared five or six times that amount when I gave systematically. We begin this New Year our old practice. Whether it be much or little, the tenth is to be the Lord's.—Selected.

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U. S. Postage 10c extra to the United States, Alaska Hawaiian and Philippine Islands except in clubs, to one address, when each copy will be fifteen cents extra postage per annum.

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Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

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The 'Witness' For over sixty years unrivalled in the confidence of the Canadian public. Latest news, market reports, etc., financial and literary reviews, good stories, home and boys pages, queries, etc., etc. Valuable departments devoted to farming interests. A clean commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. (Send for a sample.)

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'Canadian Pictorial' Canada's popular illustrated monthly. High grade paper, high grade pictures. Interesting to young and old alike. Many of its full page pictures suitable for framing. (See ad. on another page.)

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Any one of the group may be sent to a friend AS A GIFT subscription, if so marked.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

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Don't leave it till the last minute. Do it NOW. You'll get better choice—better service—and stand less chance of being disappointed when everybody's on the rush. Here's a page of seasonable goods, which for quality and price cannot be duplicated outside of this store.

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Y6. Belt as illustrated, black only, cut steel buckle, each..... .98

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Very handsome brass Initial, mounted on any bag bought from this Catalogue for 25c.

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Y10. Seal Grain Bag, metal frame special strap handle, colors black, brown and green, each .98

Y11. Seal Grain Leather Bag, 7-inch frame, fitted with purse, moire lined $1.00

Y12. The New Yorker, double strap handles, moire lining, inside purse, colors black, brown, green and tan, each $1.25

Y13. Seal Grain Bag, as cut, specially neat handle, covers 8-inch frame, inside purse, each..... $1.25

For other Christmas suggestions in Belts and Leather Goods see pages 50-55 of this Catalogue

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO, ONTARIO.